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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1919.

How Labor Will Meet Bolshevism.

The big chiefs of the American Federation of Labor are laying plans to stamp out every tendency toward Bolshevism in the United States.

The old, experienced leaders of the American Federation of Labor believe that Bolshevism is a greater menace to the orderly progress of the trade union movement in the United States than it is even to the capitalistic interests.

Bolshevik interests in this country have not attained sufficient foothold to threaten seriously the existing form of government and its institutions, but Bolshevism propaganda is already so widespread in certain sections of the country that there is some fear that it may split the labor movement and thus give the enemies of trade unionism an opportunity which they have long been seeking.

There is also apprehension that if Bolshevik doctrines secure a foothold in the American labor movement the entire American Federation of Labor may be held responsible for the opinions and actions of the extremists.

Samuel Gompers says:

"The American Federation of Labor is the nation's strongest bulwark against Bolshevism. If there had been such an organization in Russia the revolution there would have had an entirely different outcome. As long as the American labor movement maintains its strength and adheres to its traditional policy, the nation has little to fear from the Bolsheviks. Those who hate and fear Bolshevism should honor and support the American trade unions."

How do the big chiefs of the A. F. of L. propose to fight Bolshevism? Will they support the bills now being introduced in the House and Senate making it a crime to utter any Bolshevik, Socialist or Syndicalist arguments and providing severe punishment for all Bolshevik agitators?

Oh, no!

The leaders of the American Federation of Labor are far too wise to believe that they can stop the spread of ideas by putting men in jail.

They know that every attempt to use force to stop the spread of propaganda has been disastrous.

They know that wrong ideas must be met by right ideas, and that the social and industrial injustices on which Bolshevism is bred and nourished must be eradicated.

The A. F. of L.'s campaign against Bolshevism is therefore two-edged.

First—They plan to conduct an anti-Bolshevik campaign which will explain to every worker in the United States, in his own language and in words which he can understand, the fallacies and the evil results to the worker of Bolshevism.

Second—The executive council of the American Federation of Labor has already mapped out in its reconstruction program a plan of campaign for the eradication, by legislative and economic action, of those social and industrial injustices which they consider to be the causes of Bolshevism.

This campaign, into which they plan to throw the entire strength of the American Federation of Labor, is designed to provide better working and living conditions for all those who toil and to assure the workers an effective voice in the determination of all questions which affect their interests and welfare.

This will be American labor's challenge to Bolshevism.

Our Mechanical Life.

After taking an exhaustive survey of life one is led to the conclusion that the machinery business would be a pretty good line to be in!

Figure it out for yourself.

You get up in the morning, array yourself in garments built from machine-made cloth, eat some machine-made breakfast food, drink some machine-cut coffee, read a newspaper that remarkable machinery has made possible, take a machine known as a street car to your office building where an elevating mechanism hoists you to the floor on which you mechanically go through the day's tasks. You write your letters by dictating them to a machine from which a girl pounds them out on another machine. A little contraption standing on your desk carries your voice to various parts of the city and brings the conversation of friends and business acquaintances to your ear. On dark days you illuminate the gloom by electric light generated in a vast machinery driven power plant.

At night some friend takes you home in a four-wheeled machine which is a mechanical marvel—it gets such a startlingly enormous mileage from a gallon of gas, at least it does to hear said friend tell about it. You read another newspaper, also printed on machinery of course. For the evening meal you have a soup skillfully canned by some mechanical process, some other canned goods, and ice cream made by a lot of machinery in a big plant. Then you go to a movie where machinery reproduces a drama on a silver screen for your benefit. You finally hop into a bed assembled from a lot of parts made by machinery.

No wonder the machinery business looks like a good line to get into. No wonder a man often gets into the habit of thinking he's a good deal of a machine himself!

Putting up a front isn't necessary after one arrives at the front.

Booze was doomed when men stopped using the argument that it is sinful and began to prove that it interferes with business.

Doubtless you have noticed that an educated man is one who knows something of dead languages and very little about his own.

A WINDOW IS CLOSED.

The window faces the sunrise—
How red is the light on the pane!
And the eglantine climbing beside it
Is hastening to blossom again.
Sweet past the window wanders the air
But no one is there.

And the nest of last year is rebuilt,
The nest on the window ledge,
With the robin's shrill brood overcrowded,
And soon and swift will they fledge;
She will call them with pipings loud and clear
But no one will hear.

And the first moon of summer arising
Will bring up the chalice of night,
Will touch the green meadow to silver—
Will tap on the pane with fond light,
To inquire where its lover of old can be
But no one will see.

A window is closed—and forever,
Yet seemeth, through curtains drawn,
To look, as with veiled vision,
And noontime, or even, or dawn,
To search and to ask of each passer, "Where?"
For the one is not there.
—EDITH M. THOMAS, in the New York Sun.



NEW YORK DAY

New York, June 17.

It is past midnight.

And I am in the country.

Forty miles from New York.

Spending the week-end.

And wearing white flannels.

And drinking tea.

Out on a wide veranda.

That overlooks the sea.

And miles out.

A gleam of stars.

Looks down on a troop ship.

Plunging through spray.

On its last lap home.

And the air is light.

With the sleepy odor.

Of the hillside flowers.

But I cannot sleep.

For way off in the garage.

My dog is whining.

Because he's lonesome.

He is not a garage hound.

He is used to luxury.

But my host.

Doesn't like dogs.

And I didn't know it.

Until we both arrived.

And I have been very cross.

And at lunch today.

There was an army officer.

And he was a funny guy.

And told about.

Being in Washington.

All through the war.

And had twelve swivel chairs.

Shot from under him.

Or something.

But I wasn't very pleasant.

I was thinking.

Of my dog.

Who wanted to romp.

On the nice green lawn.

Locked up in a garage.

And early tomorrow.

I'm going back home.

And buy him a bone.

And a quart of milk.

And we'll go to the park.

And romp our heads off.

There he goes again!

That lonely howl.

Poor little penate pup.

All full of blue thoughts.

And everything.

I'm going down now.

And sleep with him.

On the cold cement floor.

Clerks at Navy Yard

May Get Pay Boost

Salaries of civil service clerks in the Washington Navy Yard have increased slower than the cost of living, in the opinion of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, who yesterday issued an order to Commandant A. W. Grant to appoint a committee to investigate clerical wages.

It is the purpose of Mr. Roosevelt to have the Navy Yard clerk receive as high wages as similar employees of independent firms. Employees affected by the order are clerks, stenographers, typists, bookkeepers, telegraphers, telephone switchboard operators, storemen, store laborers, stockmen, checkers, and others coming under the Civil Service category.

Mr. Roosevelt's action followed several conferences with S. Tyson Kinsall, acting president of the Federation of Federal Employees.

Organize French Club Of Washington Salon

Organization of the French Club of the Washington Salon was completed at meetings of the two evening classes at the Salon, 1413 H street, last night, by the election of class officers. Rudolph de Zapp presided and the following were elected:

Miss Dorothy Dent, governor of Class No. 1, and Miss Grace W. Carter, secretary. Mrs. Helen P. Starr was elected governor of Class No. 2, and Miss Kate D. Lenoir, secretary. The board of governors, which will meet this afternoon at 5 o'clock a. m. at the clubrooms in the McLean Building, corner of Vermont avenue and H streets northwest, to make arrangements for the meeting and entertainment Thursday evening, June 26, consists of Miss Muriel Baily, chairman; Mrs. Etta H. Austin, Miss Grace Grant, O. L. Foote, Miss Dorothy Dent and Mrs. Helen P. Starr. Representative Baer, of North Dakota, and Dr. Pyong K. Yoon, of the Bureau of the Korean Republic, will be the speakers at the next semi-monthly meeting.

Bologna Demonstrators

Tear Italian Flags to Bits

Rome, June 17.—Disorders in Bologna Sunday were distinctly revolutionary, according to advices received from that city.

Crowds of demonstrators tore Italian flags to pieces wherever they were displayed.

A group of soldiers endeavoring to invade labor headquarters was fired upon. Two students were wounded in the exchange of shots.

"SCHOOL DAYS"

By DWIG



Narcissus

THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.

The American Federation of Labor's endorsement of the league of nations and the terms of peace will be further proof to Senator Borah that the "interests" are behind the treaty.—New York World.

The bomb plotters have not bothered Chicago. They need a haven of refuge.—Rochester Herald.

Hot air appears to be in demand, in spite of the closing of the Liberty Loan campaign. Philadelphia has a five-year-old girl evangelist.—Rochester Herald.

Why trouble about the genuineness of the copy of the treaty? Any text will serve for an attack on the President.—Springfield Republican.

Young California lady advertised that she is in the matrimonial market in a unique way—she announced that she will entertain a proposition to train a monkey.—Savannah News.

The Democrats might get even by reading the Bible into the Congressional Record and making the printing bill under a Republican majority an issue in the next campaign.—New York Evening Post.

One witness with even more authority than Mr. Hoover can tell us that we must finance our customers if we expect to do foreign trade. That witness is Experience. Need we wait?—New York World.

Dr. Kirchway says 3,000 jobs are open to discharged soldiers on farms in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. "But how ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paris?"—Buffalo Commercial.

Motto for the United States War Department in regard to sending food supplies where they may fall into the hands of the Bolsheviks: Never feed a starving tiger until you have him in the cage.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Funeral Services to Be

Held Today for Carl Burg

Funeral service will be held this morning at 8:30 at St. Anthony's Church, Twelfth and Monroe streets northeast, for Carl O. Burg, 76, local music teacher, who died Monday at his home, 3761 Thirtieth street northeast. Interment will be in St. John's Cemetery, Forest Glen, Md.

Mr. Burg, who is survived by a wife, Mrs. Mary W. Burg, and one son, Joseph Paul Burg, was born in Germany, but had been in America for forty-three years. Thirty-four years of that time he lived in Washington.

New York Approves Suffrage.

Albany, N. Y., June 17.—New York's legislature ratified the Federal suffrage amendment shortly before midnight last night and made New York the sixth state to take such action since passage of the amendment by Congress.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.



DWIG

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.

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DAY-MAKING.
Seize upon some thought of Cheer
That your mind holds true and clear.
And all through the passing day,
As you plod along your way,
Cling to it as to a rope
That is weft of strands of Hope.

Let it color with its hue
Every single thing you do,
And whatever skies shall loom,
Fairly blue, or full of gloom,
You will find when day is done
It has been a pleasant one.

Who's Who in Our City

What were you going into that pawnbroker's for the other day?
"Why, Ethel said I'd have to redeem my past before she'd marry me."—Pearson's Weekly.

"Why don't you take up golf?"
"Can't afford to go south every winter to play it."—Detroit Free Press.

"Why, I thought you were taking economics last year."
"I was, but the faculty endorsed me."—Yale Record.

Visitors to Art School—Why do you keep it so cold in this room?
Student—We're studying friezes this week.—Columbia Jester.

One-Eye Jake—Does the sun ever set in the east, Pete?
Pete—I don't know, Jake. I ain't been further east nor Denver.—Widow.

"His father is an authority on policemen."
"Why has he ever been one?"
"No, but he's gone with them lots of times."—Penn State Froth.

From an Examination Paper—
Write a statement telling what fishes do.

Answer—Flashes go down to the bottom of the water when it rains, to keep out of the wet.—Success.

Federal Trolley Board

Meets First in Gotham

The Federal Electric Railway Commission, which was recently appointed by the President to make a study of the street car situation throughout the country, will hold its first hearing tomorrow at 10 o'clock a. m. at New York City, in the hearing room of the Public Service Commission, first district, 43 Lafayette street.

The meeting will be addressed by former President William H. Taft and other authorities on the street railway situation. Through his work as chairman of the National Labor Board, Mr. Taft has been brought into intimate touch with the problems of the street railways of this country. The hearing in New York has no special relation to the urban transportation question in that city.

Bolsheviki Stand to Lose

Dvinsk, Report in Paris

Paris, June 17.—The capture of Dvinsk from the Bolsheviki is imminent, according to an official dispatch from Reval today.

Fall of Dvinsk will liberate Lettonia completely from the Bolsheviki.

BAND CONCERTS

Concert by the U. S. Marine Band, U. S. Capitol, this afternoon at 5 o'clock. William H. Santelmann, Leader.
March, "Florentine."
Overture, "Mazurka."
Tone Poem, "Finlandia."
Grand March from "Bohemian Girl."
Waltz, "The Debutante."
Sinfonietta (a) "Humoresque."
Torchlight Dance No. 1.
"The Star Spangled Banner."

Concert by the U. S. Soldiers' Home Band, Bandstand, tonight at 8 o'clock. John B. M. Zimmerman, Director.
March, "Port Arthur."
Overture, "The Bohemian Girl."
Ballet Suite, "Rural Scenes."
Scene, "In the Meadows."
Scene, "The Village Revel."
Oriental Novelty, "Pahamah."
Gems from "The Burgomaster."
Waltz Popular, "Kentucky Dreams."
Finale, "There's a Good Time a-Coming."
"The Star Spangled Banner."

J. T. Cortelyou Heads Detectives.
Philadelphia, June 17.—James T. Cortelyou, former chief postal inspector of this district, has been appointed chief Philadelphia County detective after reorganizing the staff he will resign.

WELL! AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!

Dauba (pointing to his picture, "A Donkey")—What do you think of it, anyhow?
Lady Friend—Lovely! And you have put so much of yourself into it, too!
—Answers.

"We must revolute," bawled the Berlin agitator, "Um." "Ain't you one of our faction? We must rise in our might." "How much might have we?" asked the cautious one.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"That doctor can't reset my broken nose by himself," declared the incomparable movie actress.
"But he's a competent surgeon."
"No matter. I must have a sculptor present."—Kansas City Journal.

"What were you going into that pawnbroker's for the other day?"
"Why, Ethel said I'd have to redeem my past before she'd marry me."—Pearson's Weekly.

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'Round the Town

With CAPT. J. WALTER MITCHELL

What Gave Burlesque a Black Eye.
While talking with ALBERT T. WALMSLEY, newspaper man and raconteur, we recalled reminiscences of some of the old-time Washington theaters that featured burlesque.

The show given at the Theater Comique on Eleventh street, just south of Pennsylvania avenue, on the rim of the former "red light" district, and the old Metropolitan Hall, which was located on Pennsylvania avenue on the site occupied by the Post Office Department, also on the rim, were particularly raw and suggestive.

The patrons were all of the male persuasion, and for a period the police required the managers to deny admittance to boys under 18.

Attached to the Comique was a "baiting place," conveniently termed "the cafe," where the women actors, bedizened and bold, and elaborately hand-painted, assembled and drank booze of doubtful vintage and spectacular effect with admirers of the opposite sex.

Farmers who had sold their stock on the wholesale line, just south of the playhouse, were easy victims of these dirty and scheming dames, and willingly gave 5-dollar notes for a pint of sparkling cider labeled "Extra Dry Champagne."

We recalled other sightings of the old-time variety shows—the term "vaudeville" was not employed then—and our unanimous verdict was that those ancient exhibitions were responsible for the black eye worn by burlesque up to a few years ago.

In the cities of the States north of Washington it is the rule for women, young and old, to attend theaters that specialize on burlesque shows.

The burlesque habit is increasing among the women here, too, by leaps and bounds, and there is no reason why it should not become contagious.

The burlesque performances of today are clean and refreshing, and the best divertimento I know of for both sexes. They are a tonic for the glooms and an anti-toxin for morbidity.

Passing Pictures in the Public Parks.

Now that the heated term has entered upon its summer engagement, the public parks of Washington present a grassy stage whereon overheated and overworked humanity may enjoy rest and whatever breezes are blowing.

Out in the atmosphere, Under the stars,
And incidentally many little human interest plays are enacted, with now and then a comedy and even tragedy.

The pretty park surrounding the Public Library on three sides is perhaps the most congested spot in the District on sultry nights. Every bench is occupied—and by the way, there should be a greater number of seats if all our parks—and many men, women and children stretch their tired lengths on the grassy sward.

On one of the benches the other evening sat an aged man and woman. They had come from their cottage home in the nearby country to meet their only son, a patient at Walter Reed, who had left his good right leg "somewhere in France."

The father said it was more convenient to the wounded son for them to come to the city and meet him on the car line that passes the hospital, as the trip to the country might be too much for him.

When the boy came the greeting of the aged parents was beyond description. The mother placed her arms about his neck and crooned to him as she did when he was a baby.

"My little pootsie wootsie, he's only got one leg now," she repeated over and over, and an expression of sadness spread over the faces of the bystanders, and the perspiration was not the only moisture that caused some of them to draw their handkerchiefs.

Sharks and "Pink Tea" Theorists.

In talking suffrage to the solons on Capitol Hill I found one Representative who sounded a note of warning to the good people of Washington.

Representative BENJAMIN K. FOCHT, of Pennsylvania, who stands No. 2 on the list of Republican members of the Committee on the District of Columbia, has decided views on the District's claim for representation.

Mr. Focht says in order to succeed in the present movement, those in favor of suffrage should unite their forces and present to Congress a concrete proposition "for national representation or whatever else they want."